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About Time, Asshole

For weeks I'd been racking my brain on how to get my hands, along with other parts of my body, on my best friend, Richie Tozier.

Even though he was an arrogant, dirty, foul-mouthed son of a bitch, there was something about him got under my skin, in a good way. But, I couldn't just come out and say that I wanted him. That would be too easy, and would pump Richie's head up, which he didn't need. So, I had formulated a plan. I would call Richie and tell him I needed help with something. Being protective, along with a know-it-all, he and his curly haired, lanky ass would make their way to my house before I even hung up the phone.

I waited patiently in my bedroom, after showering and preparing myself for what I hoped was coming next.

My parents were out of the town for the weekend, taking my younger brother to visit a University in New York.

"I'm here, what's wrong?" Richie practically screamed, barging through the door.

"Relax, Trashmouth." I laughed. I patted the spot next to me on the bed, wanting him to take a seat.

He was aware of my "shoes on the bed" tick, so he kicked his ratty, black converse off before taking a seat. His acid washed, ripped skinny jeans formed a pretzel where he sat and he nudged his coke bottle glasses up his nose.

"So, what's the matter?" He asked seriously. We never really got the serious side of Richie, so this was refreshing. Not to mention, it was making me want him more than I already did.

"It's dumb." I shook my head, playing into my plan. "I just... I didn't feel comfortable going to anyone else."

"Well, how the fuck am I supposed to help you if you don't tell me what's going on?"

"Well, ya see, I kind of have...this date...next week..." I began, noticing Richie fooling with the bottom of his brightly colored Hawaiian shirt. "And it's been a while since i..."

"Since you what?"

Beep, beep, Rich. You're ADHD is showing.

"Since I made someone, ya know..." I looked up at his big brown eyes that were now practically the size of his glasses frame.

"Made someone cum?" He asked excitedly.

"Well, yeah." I said as my face flushed.

Although that was a lie, I blushed at my plan going accordingly so far and the idea of making Richie do that.

"So I was thinking, I could practice..." I trailed off again.

"With me? You want to practice giving someone a blowjob, by giving me one?"

"Unless you think it's weird." I shook my head. "I just thought..."

"Richie 'Trashmouth' Tozier is always up for getting sucked off, doll." He laughed loudly. "Especially by a hot little thing such as yourself."

My face reddened at this remark. Although Richie was a horn dog, not to mention an 18-year-old boy, and comments like this fell from his mouth pretty often, they always made me feel a certain type of way.

"So, then yes?" I asked hopefully.

"Fuck yes."

With that, Richie quickly slammed his lips into my own. Without hesitation, I kissed him back, our lips moving together. I ran my tongue across Rich's bottom lip, begging for a pass inside. He eagerly parted his lips so that our tongues could glide together. He kissed me roughly and spastically as I made my way to his neck. He pulled me

up onto his lap.

His strong fingers gripped hard at bare waist that was revealed due to my t-shirt crop top.

"I love when you wear this shit."

I smiled against him, proud that he was impressed by my choice of outfit. His lips searched for mine, capturing them hungrily when he found them. I ground my hips into Richie's as we exchanged moans and grunts.

Since Rich and I had been best friends, I'd known all his kinks. Keeping one in particular in mind, I laced my fingers through his messy curls and tugged it firmly.

"Mmmm, fuck." He moaned into my mouth, giving me a chance to go deeper into the kiss. As I rocked myself on top of Richie, I felt him growing under me.

"Can I?" I asked, my hand making its way to palm his hard on through his jeans.

"Yes. Please." He sputtered out through gritted teeth.

I dropped to my knees in front of him, keeping my eyes locked with him the whole time. I fumbled with his buttons and zippers as he leaned back on his hands, watching me carefully.

Once his buttons and zipper was undone, he sat up so I could pull his jeans and boxers down in the same movement. His rock hard dick sprung out, into my face.

I eyed it for a second, surprised by its size. Rich was tall, so the 8.5 inch length was to be expected. However, the strong girth for such a lanky guy caught me off guard.

"Been trying to tell you guys this for years." Richie chucked to himself when he saw my expression.

Since we were kids, Richie constantly made jokes about his dick. I now knew that his comments were not in fact jokes.

I smiled at Richie innocently, before leaning forward and taking his shaft into my hand. The laugh that Richie was doing suddenly stopped and his mouth formed an O. I jacked him up and down a few times, before lowering my head and taking his top into my mouth.

In the first movement, I wrapped my mouth around him about halfway before slowly pulling back, finishing with a loud pop.

"Is it okay?" I looked up at him. His mouth hung open and he gazed down at me.

"Yeah, doll, don't stop." One of his hands left the sheets to tangle into my hair. "So fucking good, keep going."

I mimiced my first action, this time repeating over and over, taking more of him into my mouth every time. I teasingly ran my tongue briefly over his slit, causing a high pitched squeel to slip from Richie's mouth. I brought my hand back to his shaft, squeezing and massaging the parts of him my mouth wasn't on. I bobbed up and down on him rhythmically and practically drowned in the praises coming from him.

"Jesus, fuck." He grunted. "Baby, let me get inside of you. I wanna cum with you."

Hearing these words come out of Richie's mouth made me pull away and look up at him.

"What?" I questioned.

"Let me fuck you. Make you feel so good so we can cum together." He practically pleaded.

Richie was putty in my hands at this point. I looked at him for a few seconds, his eyes and face oozing lust and desperation.

"Please." He begged.

I tried to resist for a few seconds, but the view of Richie hard as a rock, begging for me was too much to handle.

I stood from my knees and reached for the hem of my shirt.

"Let me." He replaced his hands with mine, pulling the t-shirt off of me and unhooking my bra before pushing me down so I was laying on my back in front of him.

"Fucking perfect." He sighed, his head dipping to take one of my nipples in his mouth.

"Rich..." I breathed, taking a handful of his hair. He swirled his tongue around the bud and bit softly. I rocked my hips at him, the single piece of cotton fabric being the only thing that separated us.

"Do you have a condom, angel?" He asked, kissing my cheek and side of my neck.

"Drawer." I pointed to my night stand. Richie stood on his knees, removing his shirt before reaching into the night stand drawer.

While he did that I eagerly removed my leggings and sprawled back on the bed. I watched Richie above me, sliding himself into the rubber. Once it was fully on, he looked down at me.

"Ready?" He asked.

"Yeah."I nodded. "Come on."

Richie leaned down around me, and I gasped at the feeling of Richie teasing me with his tip.

"'Chee..." I moaned quietly.

"So wet, doll." He tutted. "What made you so wet?"

"You, Richie." I replied.

"What about me?" He now slide down my slit a litter harder, almost inserting himself, then pulling out.

Dirty talk, another trash mouth kink.

I raised an eyebrow at him. If he wanted to play, I was down to play.

"The way you looked begging to fuck me." I told him.

"I couldn't help it." He replied, circling my clit with his head. "You looked so pretty with your mouth around my cock I just needed to get into this pretty little pussy."

With that, Richie slammed himself into me, giving me no time to adjust. He moved quickly in and out, moaning erratically.

"So warm, kitten, so tight. So perfect for Daddy."

Not only did I know and use Richie's kinks, he was now using mine.

I brought my hips up to meet him, as he pounded into me, leaving messy kisses anywhere he could.

"Fuck, Rich." I grunted when Richie hiked one of my legs up to go deeper.

"You like this shit?" He asked. I couldn't barely speak, so I just nodded my head seriously. "You're not gonna let anyone else work you like Daddy can, right, baby?"

"No, just you, daddy." I replied.

"Good girl." He kissed my forehead. I could feel the ball forming in my stomach as Richie's thrusts became sloppy.

"Are you gonna cum for me, 'Chee?" I asked.

"Yeah angel, I'm cumming for your perfect little ass." He told me.

"Come on, Daddy." I whispered next to Richie's ear, pulling at his hair and nipping at his earlobe.

"Cum for me, Richie. Cum for your little angel."

That sent Richie over the edge. He shook and cursed as his body ground hard into mine, profanities and my name falling from his tongue.

Once he'd realized I still hadn't cum, his fingers were pressed on my clit, rubbing harshly.

"Come on, doll." He kissed my neck to my nipple. "Don't you want to cum for Daddy?"

"Yeah, Rich." I moaned. "Almost there."

"You look so fucking sexy with my dick inside you, my perfect little princess." He told me, his hand working hard for me.

"Please angel, please cum for me." He pleaded. "So beautiful, baby. So fucking perfect."

His fingers flicked quickly and in a matter of seconds I came crashing around him, him still inside of me.

"Holy fuck, Rich." I sighed, looking over at him.

His black curls were stuck to his forehead with sweat, his glasses foggy. His eyes were shut and he had a shit-eating grin on his face.

I smiled at him, before climbing from my bed to slip on Richie's tshirt and panties.

"Want a smoke?" I asked as I reached into my purse, pulling out a cigarette and lighter.

"Yeah, please." He mumbled, sitting up and grabbing some article of clothing to clean his glasses. I took our cigs, a lighter and an ashtray and took my seat back on the bed.

I lit up, taking a long drag before looking over at Richie. When I finally looked at him, he was staring at me.

"What?" I asked nervously.

"Nothing." He shook his head and smiled.

"Just proud of you, doll."

"For what?"

"Making up this lie about your date just to get some action from the trashman." He grinned, taking a drag from his cigarette.

"I wasn't lying." I shrugged.

"Angel, the way you just blew my mind, you and I both know you didn't need any practice." He raised an eyebrow, praising me.

"Well think what you want, I wasn't lying."

Richie inhaled for a few seconds, blowing smoke and putting it out before leaning close to my ear.

"You shouldn't lie to Daddy, princess." He whispered. "You're mine now."

He kissed the side of my neck quickly. I couldn't help but smile at his remark. I ashed my cigarette and set the ashtray on my nightstand. I looked over at him to find him gazing at me.

"About time, asshole." I replied, kissing my trash mouth before falling asleep in his arms.